



• THE • MVRAL • PAINTINGS • OF • THE • LIBRARY • OF • CONGRESS •



#  
RESEARCH DIVISION  
WESTERN COSTUME CO.  
Los Angeles, California



3269

From Mrs. W. M. Cady  
from alyp Goforth

\$29.50  
WVCPZOT

## The Library of Congress Mural Paintings

### *In the Colors of the Originals*

#### I. THE LIBRARY FROM THE CAPITOL.

##### The Poetry Series.

By H. O. WALKER.

#### 2. THE MUSE OF LYRIC POETRY.

Attended by Passion, Beauty, Mirth, Pathos, Truth and Devotion.

#### 3. TENNYSON'S GANYMEDE.

Borne to Olympus by Jove in the Form of an Eagle.

#### 4. KEAT'S ENDYMION.

The Shepherd Boy Asleep on Mount Latmus.

#### 5. WORDSWORTH'S BOY OF WINANDER.

At Evening by the Glimmering Lake.

#### 6. SHAKESPEARE'S ADONIS.

Slain by the Wild Boar.

#### 7. MILTON'S COMUS.

Listening to the Lady's Song.

#### 8. EMERSON'S URIEL.

"Gave his sentiment divine  
Against the being of a line."

##### Muses.

By EDWARD SIMMONS.

#### 9. MELPOMENE.

Muse of Tragedy.

#### 10. CALLIOPE.

Muse of Epic Poetry and Eloquence.

#### The Evolution of the Book.

By JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

#### 11. THE CAIRN.

The Heap of Boulders Erected by Primitive Man as a Memorial.

#### 12. ORAL TRADITION.

The Tale of the Eastern Story Teller.

#### 13. THE HIEROGLYPHIC.

Inscribed on the Monuments of Egypt.

#### 14. THE PICTOGRAPH.

The American Indian's Picture Writing on Skin.

#### 15. THE MANUSCRIPT.

Illuminated by the Monks of the Middle Ages.

#### 16. THE PRINTING PRESS.

Invented by Gutenberg in the Year 1456.

#### Stairway of the Entrance Pavilion.

#### 17. MARTINY'S BRONZE TORCH BEARER

##### The Mosaic Minerva.

By ELIHU VEDDER.

#### 18. THE MINERVA OF PEACE.

##### The Occupations of the Day.

By CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.

#### 19. RELIGION.

Worship before an Altar of Fire.

#### 20.

##### The Seasons.

By F. W. BENSON.

#### The Mosaic Mantels.

By FREDERICK DIELMAN.

#### 21. HISTORY.

Mythology and Tradition—Pyramids, Parthenon, Colosseum.

#### 22. LAW.

With Truth, Peace and Industry; Fraud, Discord and Violence.

##### The Greek Heroes.

By WALTER McEWEN.

#### 23. HERCULES.

With the Distaff Spinning for Queen Omphale.

#### 24. PROMETHEUS.

Cautioning Epimetheus against Pandora.

#### 25. ORPHEUS.

Slain by the Bacchantes.

#### 26. PERSEUS.

Confronting Polydectes with the Head of the Gorgon Medusa.

#### 27. THESEUS.

At the Command of Minerva Deserting the Sleeping Ariadne.

#### 28. BELLEROPHON.

Receiving from Minerva the Winged Horse Pegasus.

#### 29. ACHILLES.

Disguised as a School Girl Discovered by Ulysses.

#### 30. JASON.

Enlisting the Argonauts in the Quest of the Golden Fleece.

#### 31. PARIS.

At the Home of Menelaus and Helen.

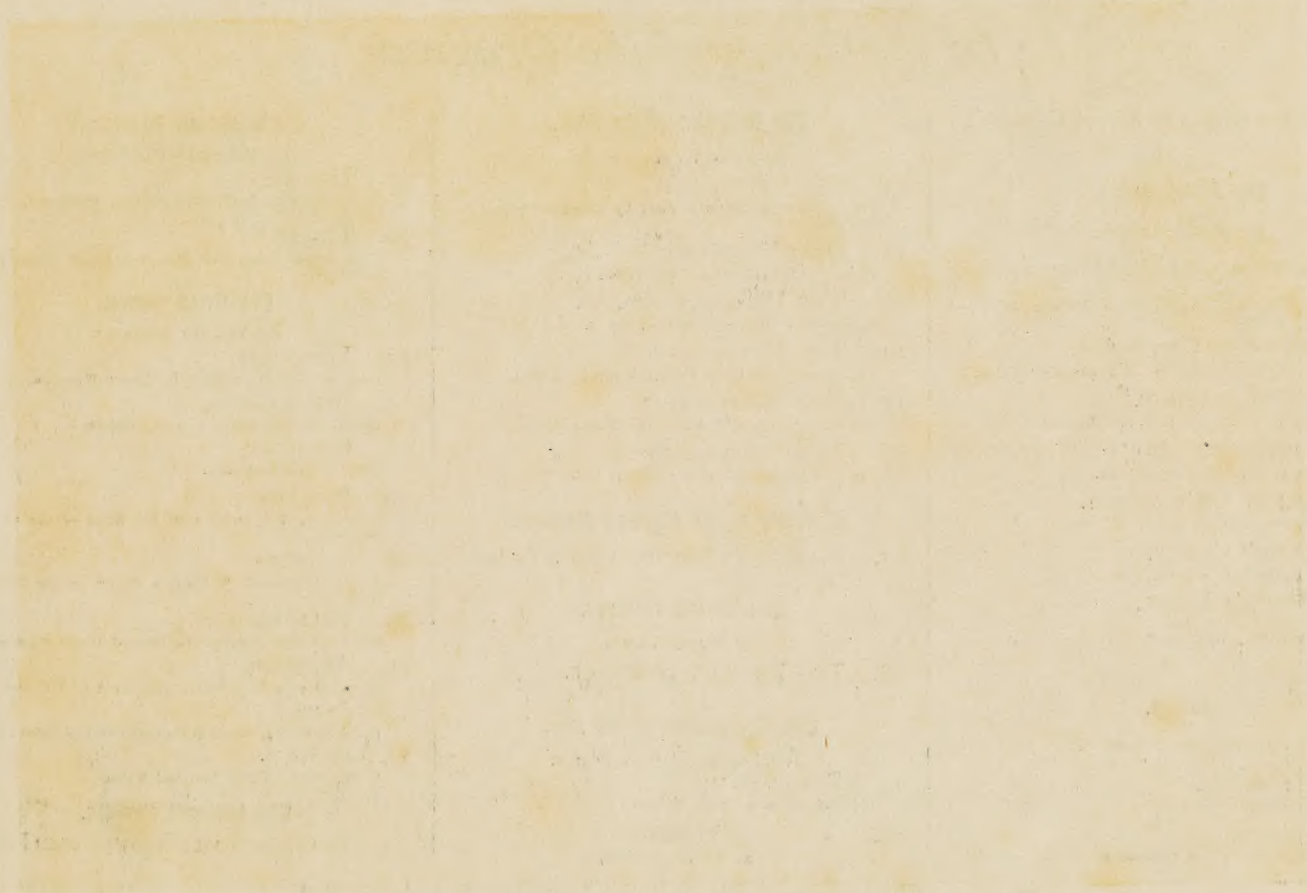
##### The Entrance Pavilion.

#### 32. COLUMNS OF THE GRAND STAIR HALL

The Plates are from Colorings by Miss A. U. Nye, directly from the Original Paintings.

**B. S. Reynolds Company**

WASHINGTON, D. C.



LIBRARY OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO





THE HISTORY OF THE





© 1900 by the University of Chicago







THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO















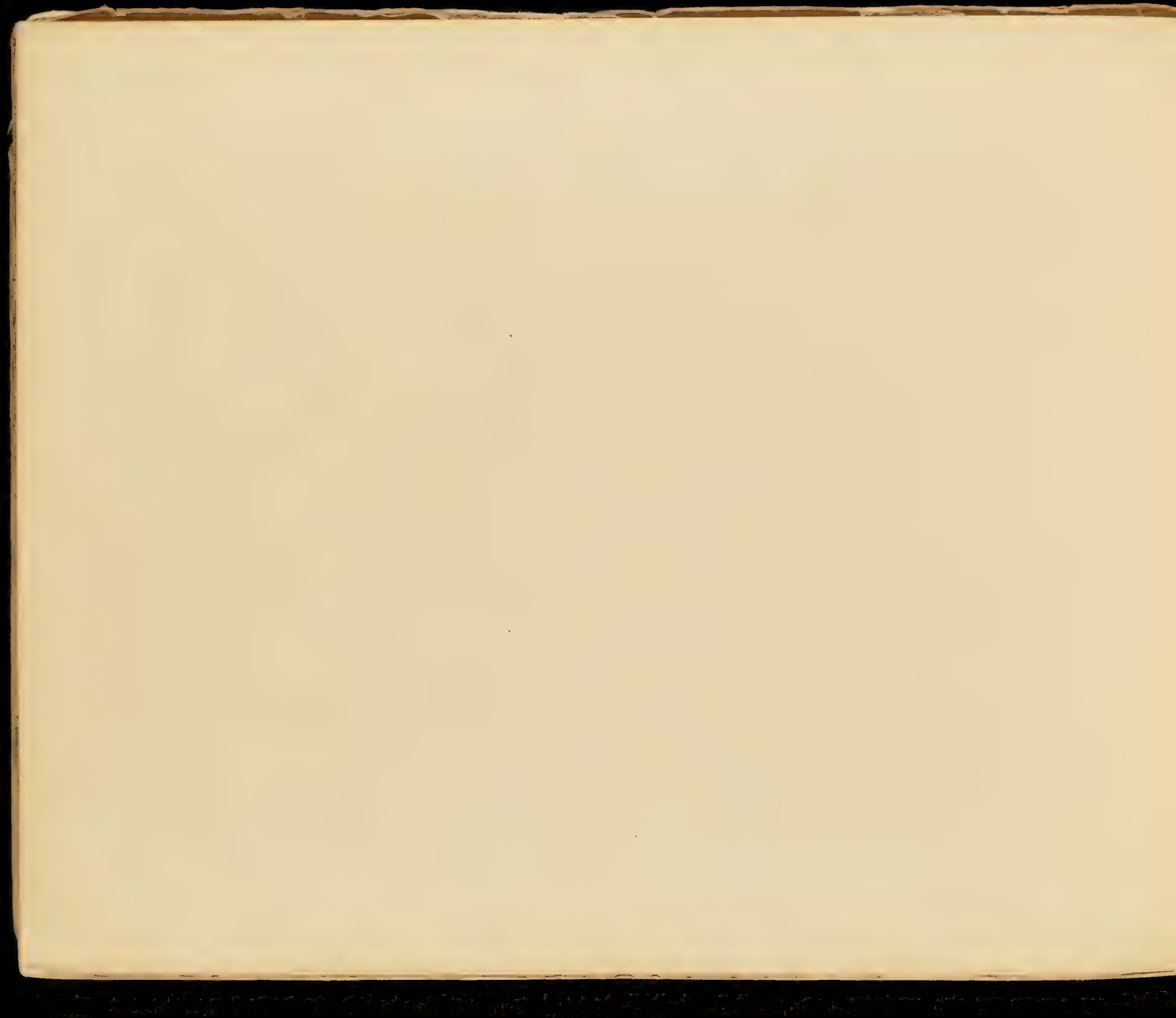




































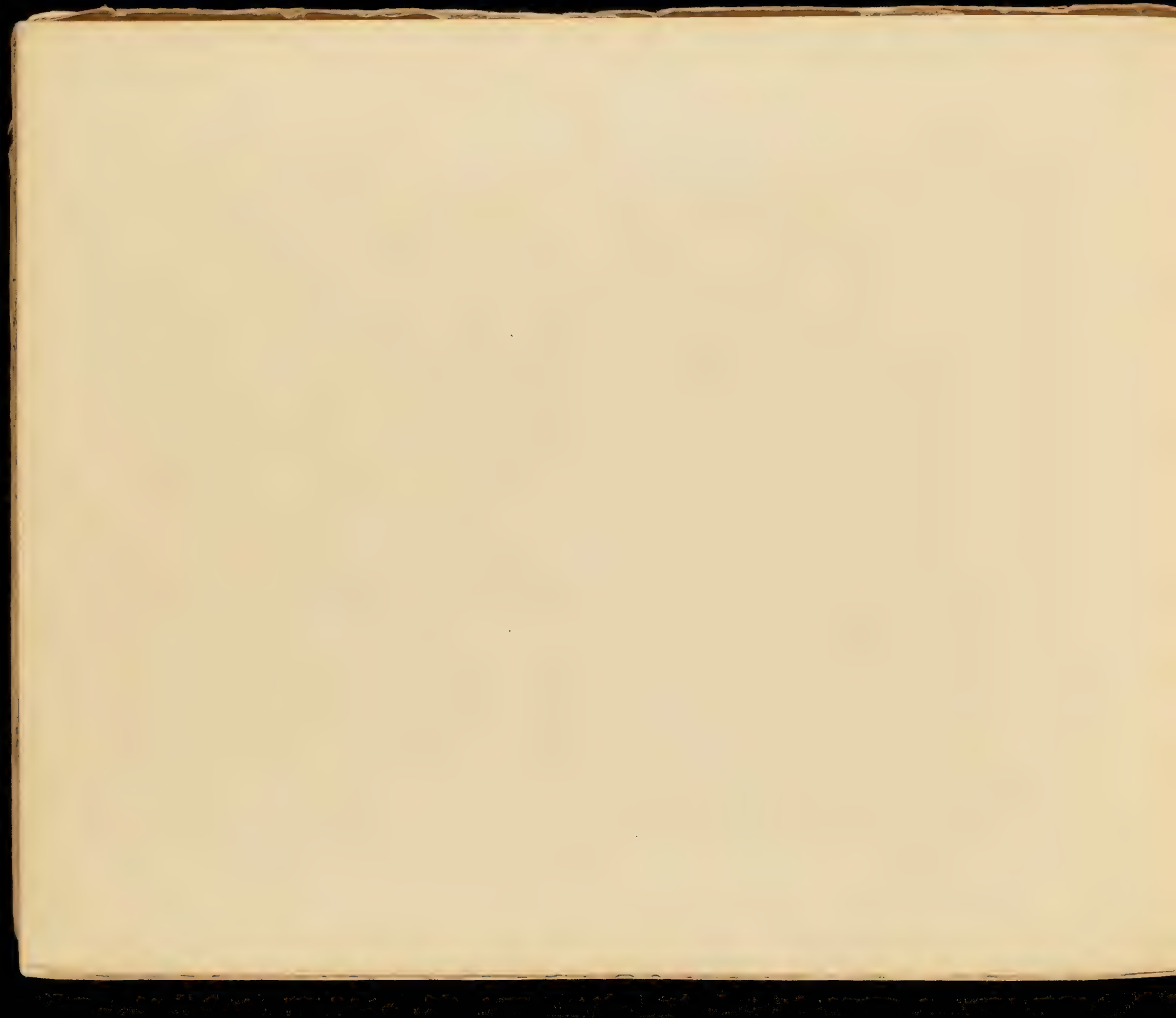






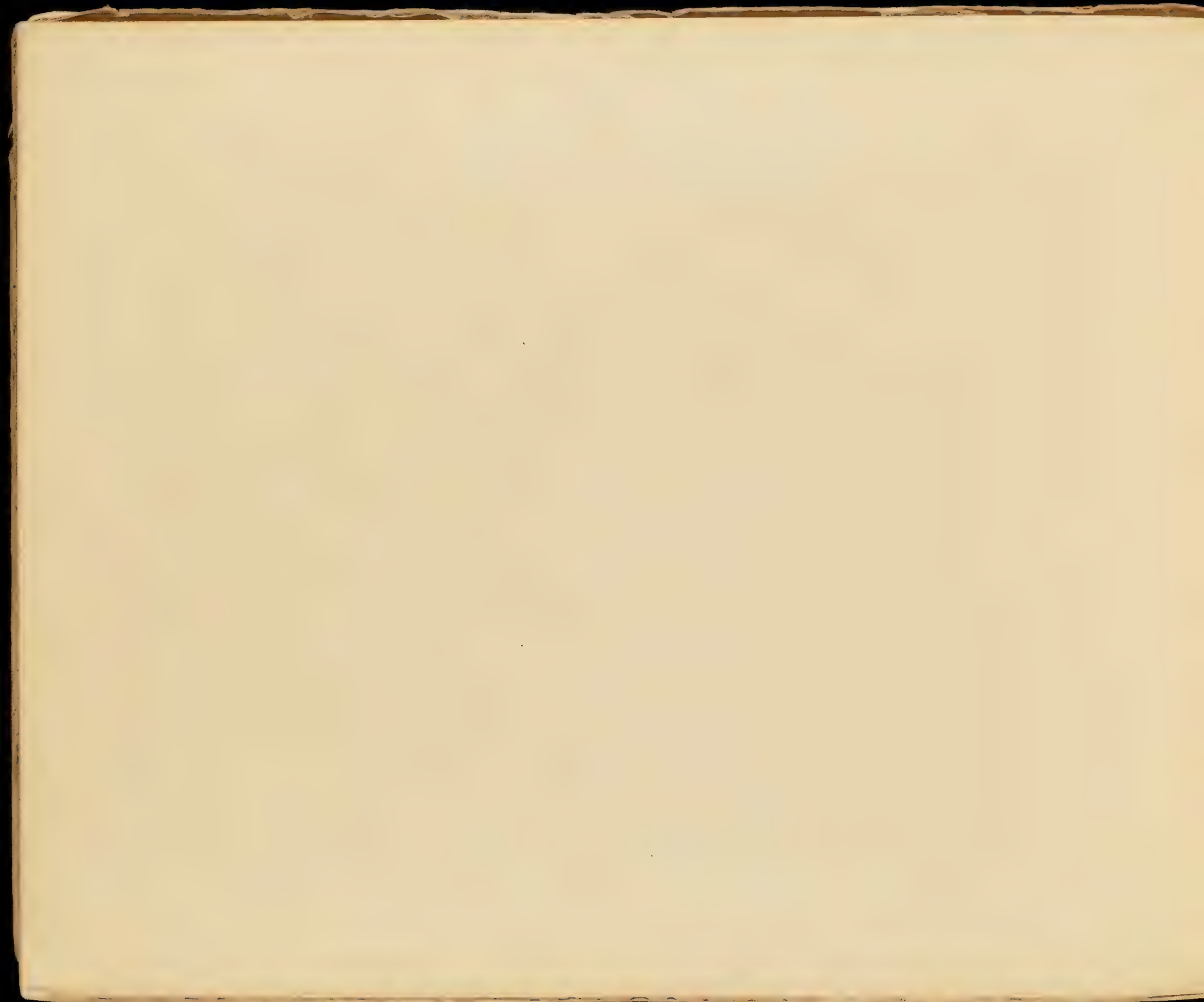












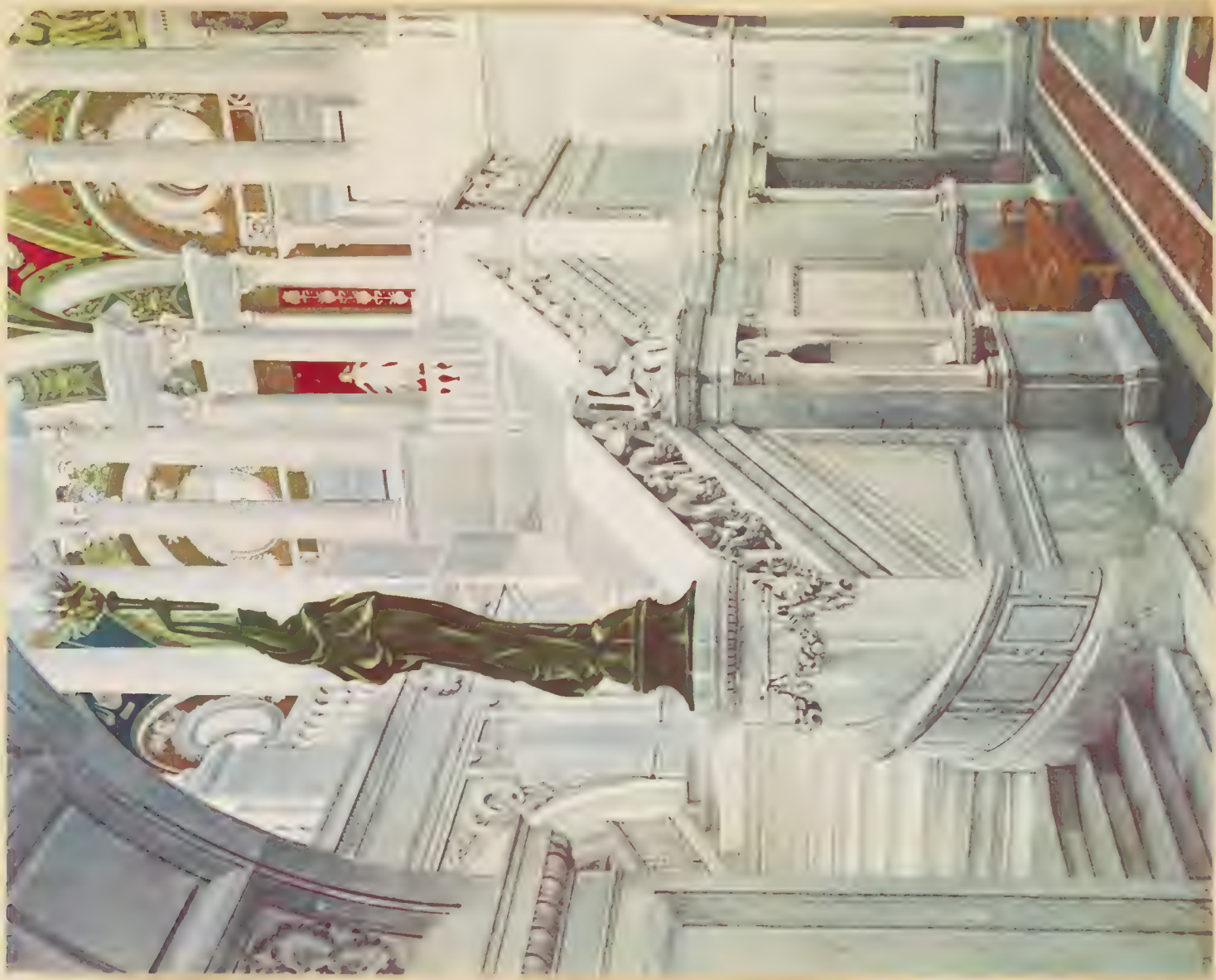


















NIL INVITA MINERVA QUAE MONUMENTUM  
ARE PERENNITUS EXECIT



































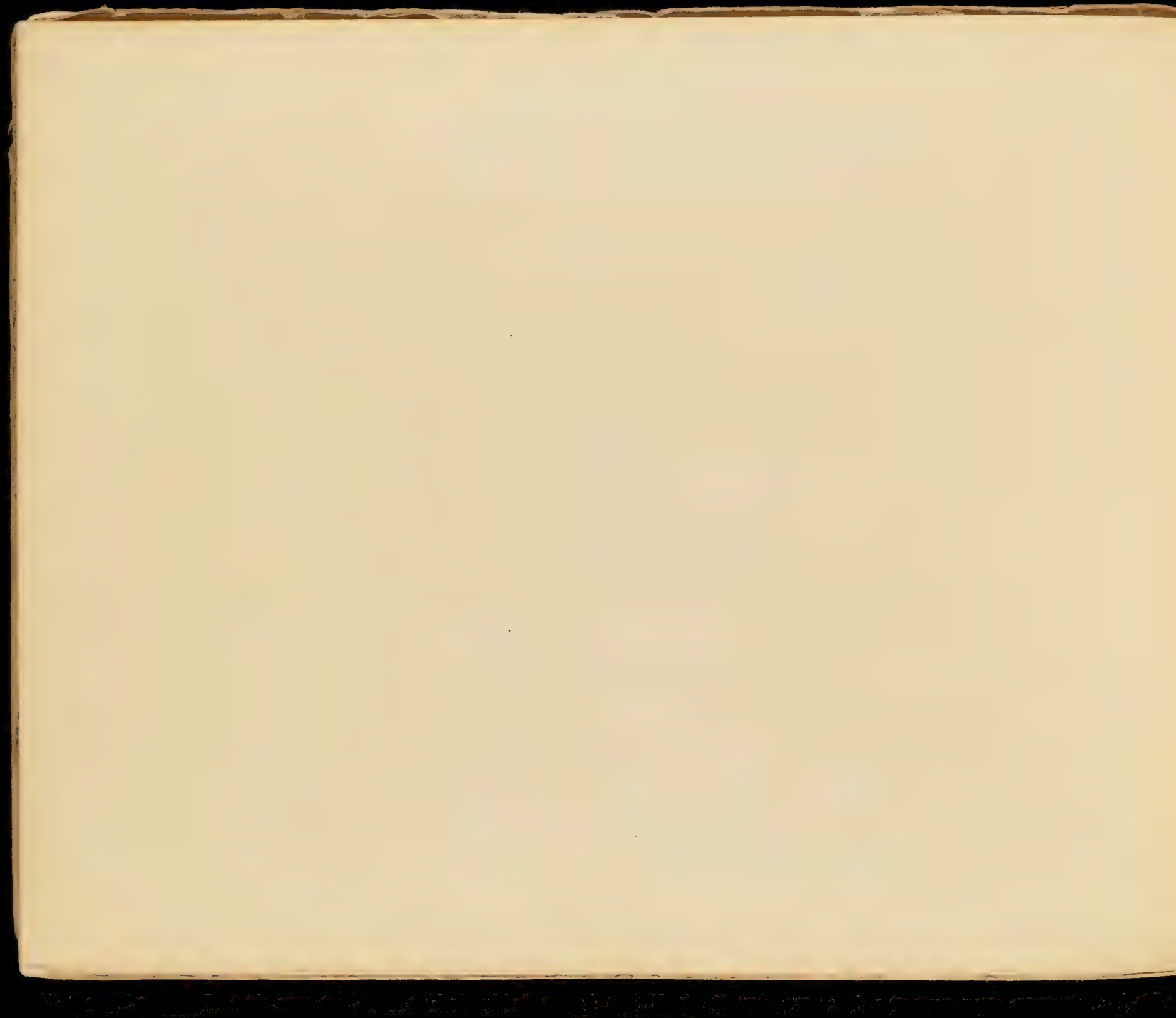














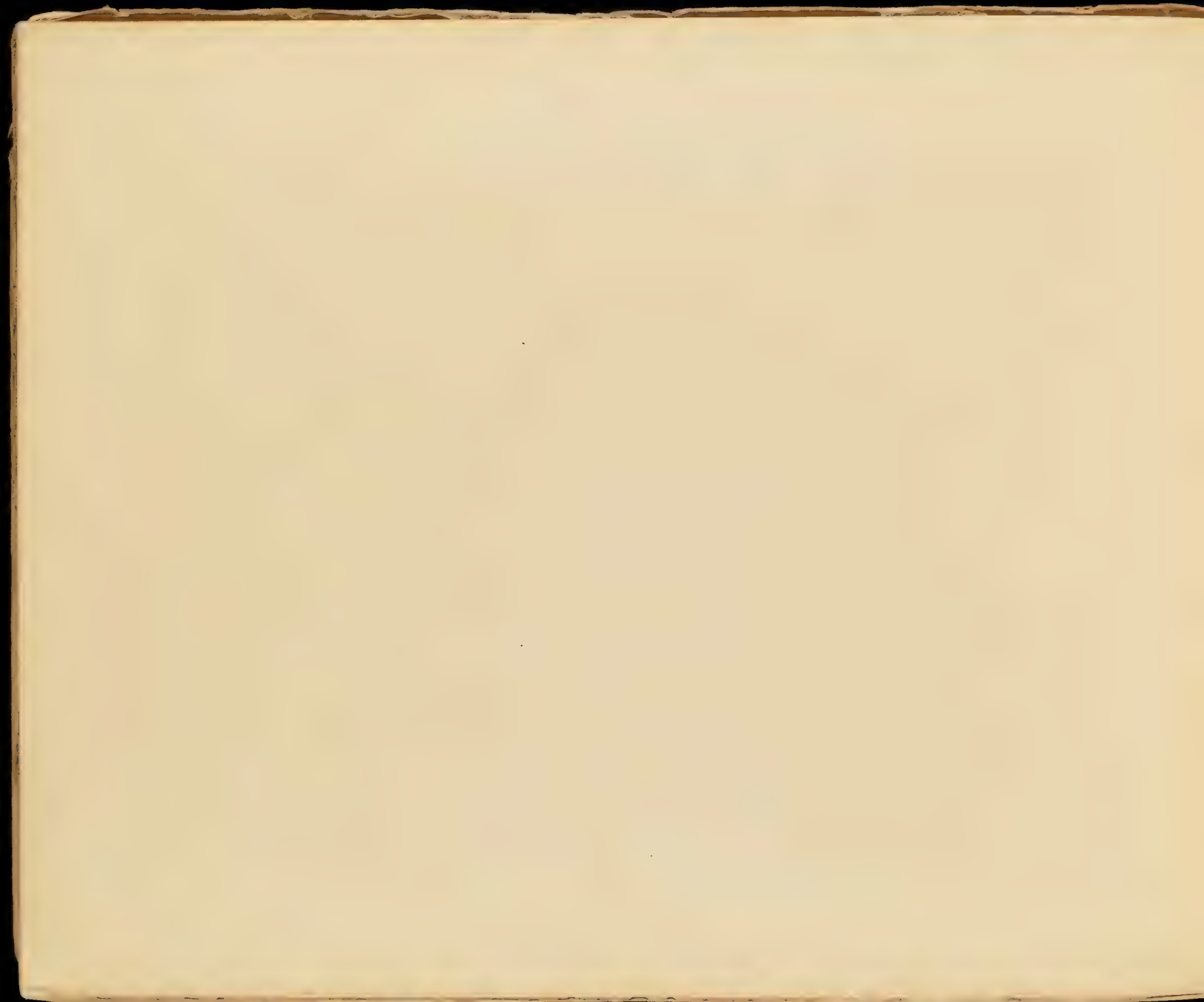










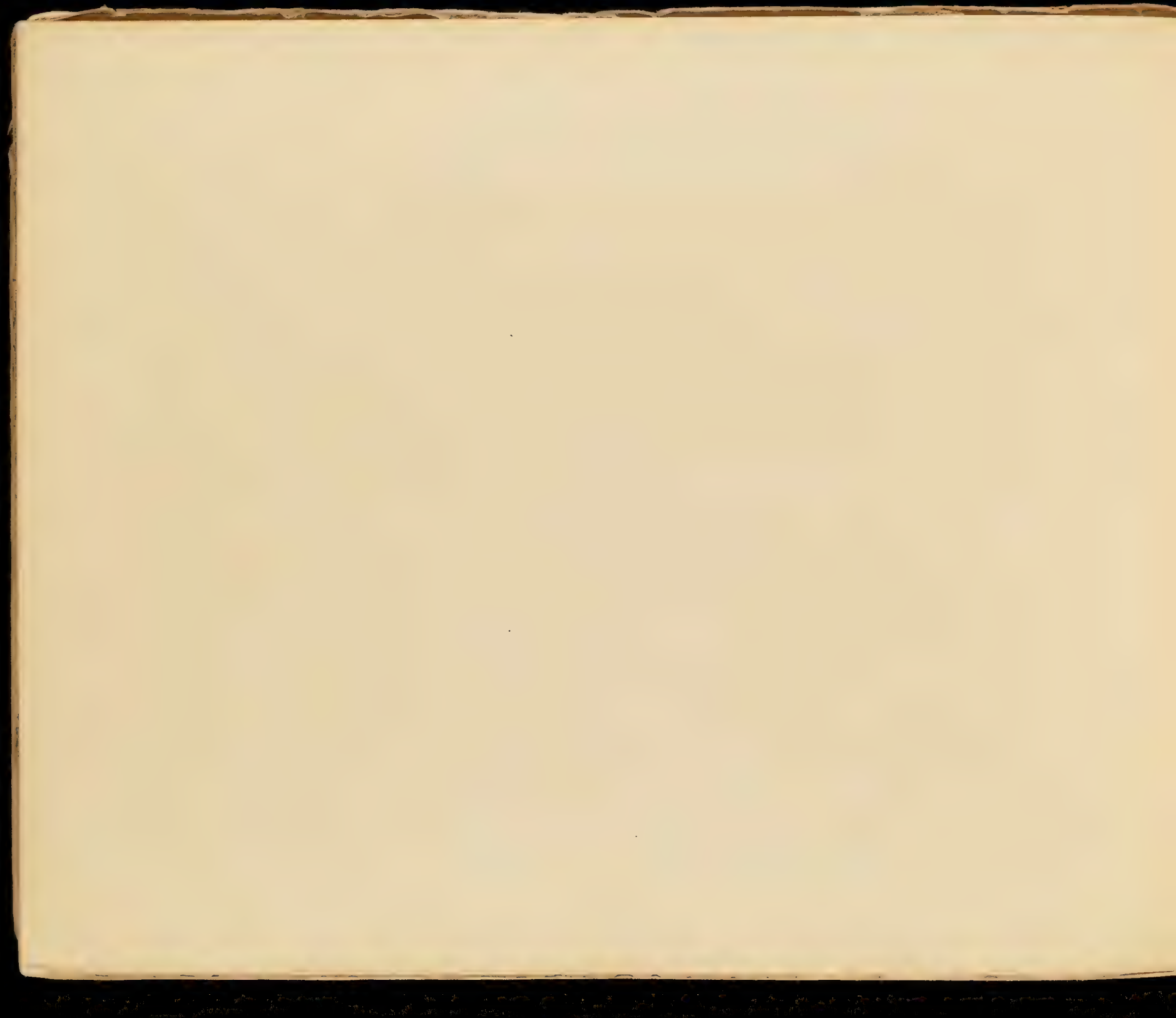






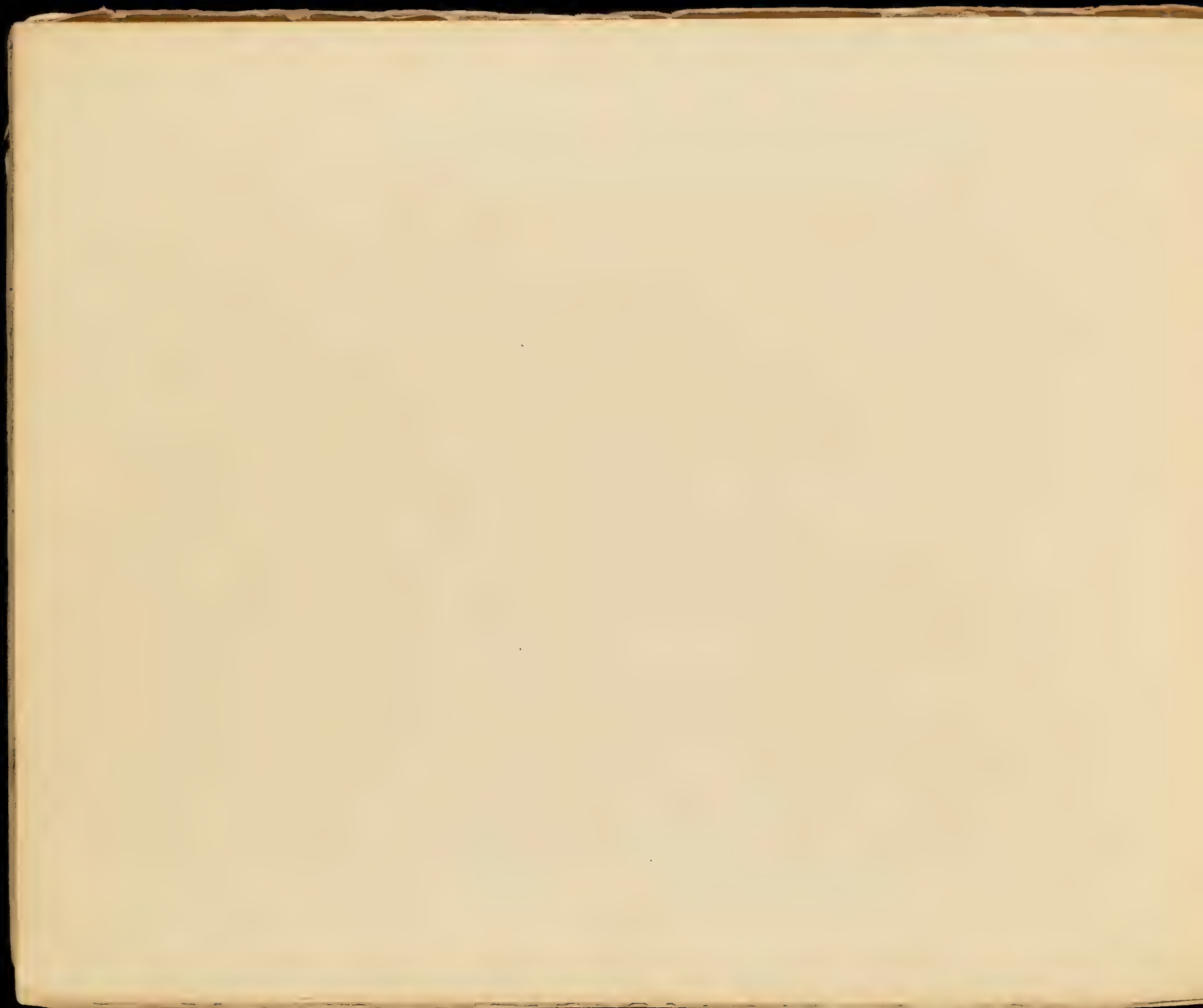


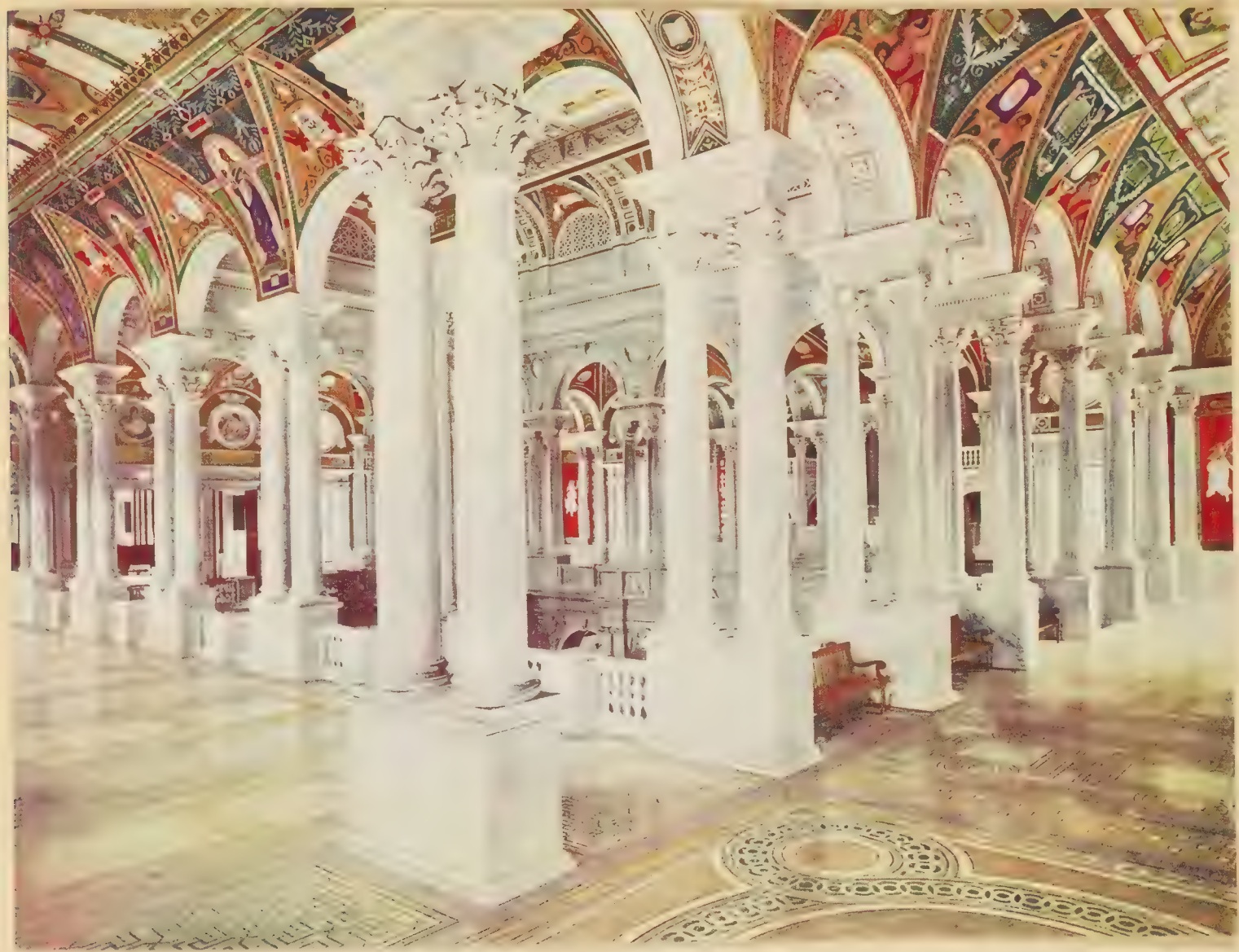


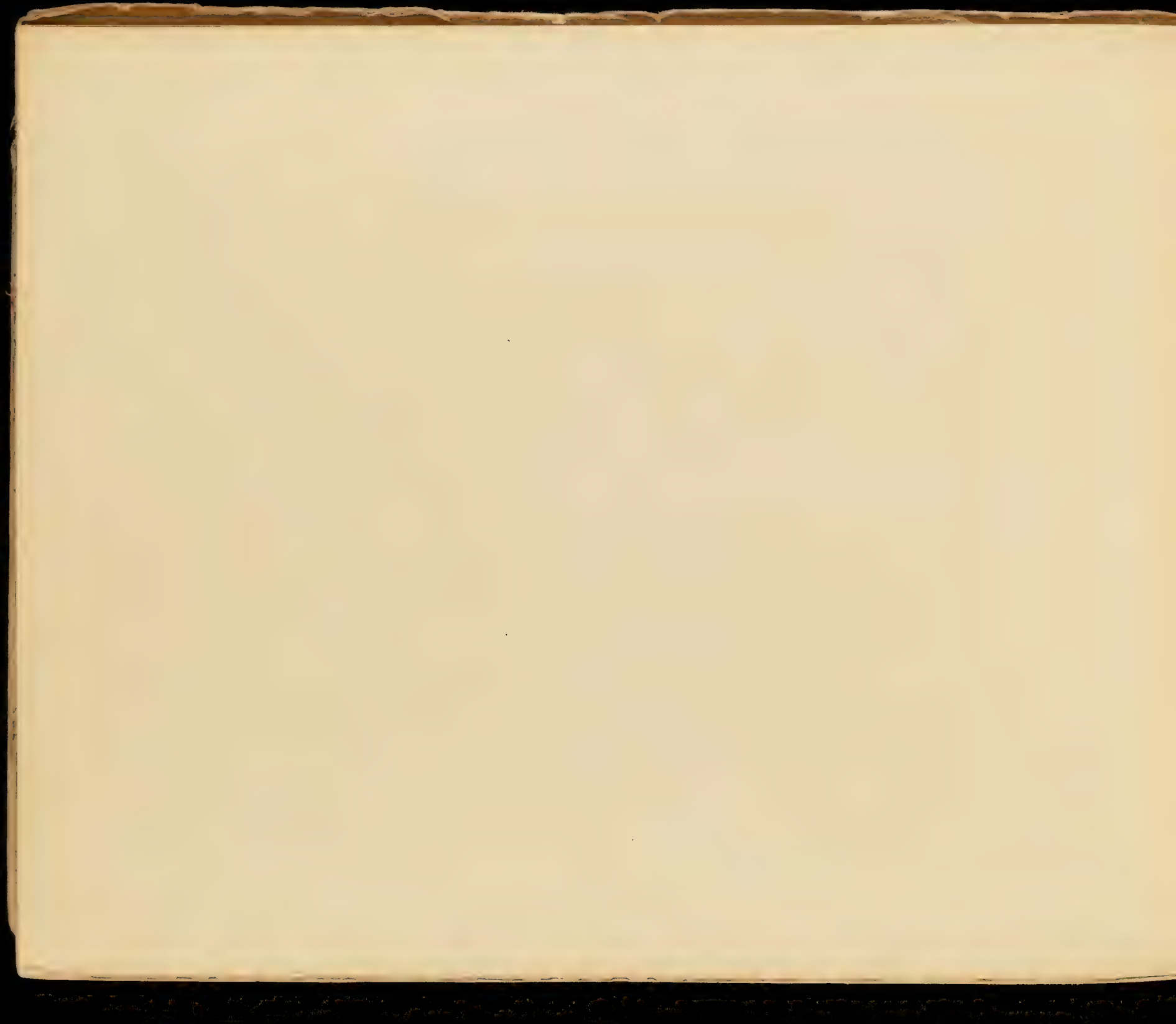












# Shakespeare's Adonis

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn.

—VENUS AND ADONIS.

VENUS, wounded by one of Cupid's arrows, fell passionately in love with the youthful huntsman, Adonis; and leaving the Celestial abodes, she descended to earth to join him in the chase. With him she pursued the fleet hare and the antlered stag; but of the wild boar, the wolf and the lion she stood in dread, and warned Adonis against them. Most of all she feared the boar, and entreated the huntsman not to court danger in its pursuit.

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.  
O, be advised: thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:  
Come not within his danger by thy will;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?"

Unmoved by her solicitude and scorning her entreaties, Adonis left the side of Venus and went forth to hunt the game, and in the encounter received a mortal wound. Venus found him slain; and before her eyes his body was changed into the scarlet Adonis flower, which still bears his name.

Shakespeare's description of Venus' quest for her lover and finding him slain by the boar is told in verse of exquisite beauty.

She hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.



## Shakespeare's Adonis

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:  
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error, that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:  
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respects, yet not at all respecting:  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

## Milton's Comus

THE "Masque Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634," has the opening scene in a wild wood, which is the haunt of the enchanter Comus, offspring of the God Bacchus and Circe the sorceress. Here he

In thick shelter of black shades imbowered,  
Excels his mother at her mighty art;  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste  
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),  
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,  
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were.  
And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before,  
And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

The time is night. The Lady and her two Brothers on their way through the wood have become separated and lost; and the Lady sings in invocation of Echo, that the Brothers may hear.

I cannot hallo to my brothers, but  
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits  
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

### *Song*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
Within thy airy shell  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroidered vale  
Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
That likest thy Narcissus are?  
O, if thou have  
Hid them in some flowery cave,  
Tell me but where,  
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!  
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

Comus hears and listens enraptured—this is the incident of the painting—and at the conclusion of the song speaks:

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testify his hidden residence.  
How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard

## Milton's Comus

My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,  
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,  
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves into attention,  
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.  
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,  
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;  
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
And she shall be my queen.

Presenting himself in the guise of a shepherd, and under pretense of leading her to "a low but loyal cottage," he conducts her to his stately palace, where, when she is set in an enchanted chair in the banquet hall, he proffers her the magic glass. Deaf to his blandishments she refuses to taste it—

Was this the cottage and the safe abode  
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,  
These oughly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!  
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence  
With vizored falsehood and base forgery?  
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here  
With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?  
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
I would not taste thy treasonous offer.

The Brothers, directed by the Attendant Spirit, here rush in, dash the glass to the ground, and put to flight Comus and his crew. Sabrina the Water-Nymph releases the Lady from the enchanted chair; and the Attendant Spirit departs, with the famous lines, which conclude the poem—

If Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

## Keats' Endymion

WHERE had he been, from whose warm head out-flew  
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,  
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,  
Coming ever to bless  
The wanderer by moonlight? to him bringing  
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing  
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,  
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests  
Full in the speculation of the stars.  
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;  
Into some wond'rous region he had gone,  
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a Poet, sure a lover too,  
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew  
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;  
And brought in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow  
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,  
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.  
But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,  
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,  
The Poet wept at her so piteous fate,  
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:  
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,  
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen  
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!

As thou exceedest all things in thy shrine,  
So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.

The story runs that from her silver chariot of the moon Diana  
beheld the shepherd boy Endymion asleep upon Mount Latmus;  
and enamored of his beauty descended to press a kiss upon his lips.

Chaste Artemis, who guides the lunar car,  
The pale nocturnal vigils ever keeping,  
Sped through the silent space from star to star,  
And, blushing, stooped to kiss Endymion sleeping.

Night after night the goddess paused in her course across the  
heavens to caress the youth; and Endymion, each time but partially  
awakened, was conscious of her presence only as the tender image  
of a dream.

Then, as the full orb poised upon the peak,  
There came a lovely vision of a maid,  
Who seemed to step as from a golden car  
Out of the low-hung moon. No mortal form,  
Such as oft-times of yore I knew and clasped  
At twilight mid the vines at the mad feast  
Of Dionysus, or the fair maids cold  
Who streamed in white processions to the shrine  
Of the chaste Virgin Goddess; but a shape  
Richer and yet more pure. No thinnest veil  
Obscured her; but each exquisite limb revealed  
Gleamed like a golden statue subtly wrought  
By a great sculptor on the architrave  
Of some high temple-front—only in her



## Keats' Endymion

The form was soft and warm, and charged with life,  
And breathing. As I seemed to gaze on her,  
Nearer she drew and gazed; and as I lay  
Supine, as in a spell, the radiance stooped  
And kissed me on the lips, a chaste, sweet kiss,  
Which drew my spirit with it. So I slept  
Each night upon the hill, until the dawn  
Came in her silver chariot from the earth,  
And chased my love away.

—LEWIS MORRIS.

At length Diana sought from Jupiter the gift of perpetual youth  
for her mortal lover, and having obtained this boon

She conveyed him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,  
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
To kiss her sweetest.

—FLETCHER.

The story of Diana and the Shepherd of Latmus has given inspiration to the poets of all ages, but Keats has made it peculiarly his own in the poem of "Endymion."

The very music of the name has gone  
Into my being, and each pleasant scene  
Is passing fresh before me as the green  
Of our own vallies.

It is this tale out of "the beautiful mythology of Greece," which is the "thing of beauty a joy forever" of the matchless line, now a part of the language, with which "Endymion" begins:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in; and clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert make  
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:  
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:  
An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

## Wordsworth's Boy of Winander

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander!—many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him—And they would shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,  
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild  
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause  
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:

Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.  
This boy was taken from his mates, and died  
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.  
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale  
Where he was born and bred: the churchyard hangs  
Upon a slope above the village school;  
And, through that churchyard when my way has led  
On summer evenings, I believe, that there  
A long half-hour together I have stood  
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!

## Tennyson's Ganymede

WHEN Jupiter came down to earth, to seek a successor to Hebe as  
Cupbearer to the Gods, he took the form of an eagle; and flying over  
Mount Ida, saw the Trojan Prince Ganymede, whom he snatched  
from among his playfellows, and carried off to Olympus. Tenny-  
son in his "Palace of Art" describes as among the pictures  
decorating its walls one of Ganymede borne aloft by the eagle:

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,  
From off her shoulder backward borne:  
From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd  
The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh  
Half-buried in the Eagle's down,  
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky  
Above the pillar'd town.

Not these alone: but every legend fair  
Which the supreme Caucasian mind  
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,  
Not less than life, design'd.

## Emerson's Ariel

It fell in the ancient periods  
Which the brooding soul surveys,  
Or ever the wild Time coined itself  
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel,  
Which in Paradise befell.  
Once among the Pleiads walking,  
SAID overheard the young gods talking,  
And the treason too long pent  
To his ears was evident.  
The young deities discussed  
Laws of form and metre just,  
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,  
What subsisteth, and what seems.  
One, with low tones that decide,  
And doubt and reverend use defied,  
With a look that solved the sphere,  
And stirred the devils everywhere,  
Gave his sentiment divine  
Against the being of a line:  
"Line in nature is not found,  
Unit and universe are round;  
In vain produced, all rays return,  
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."  
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,  
A shudder ran around the sky;  
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,  
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;

Seemed to the holy festival,  
The rash word boded ill to all;  
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;  
The bonds of good and ill were rent;  
Strong Hades could not keep his own,  
But all slid to confusion.

A sad self-knowledge withering fell  
On the beauty of Uriel.  
In heaven once eminent, the god  
Withdrew that hour into his cloud,  
Whether doomed to long gyration  
In the sea of generation,  
Or by knowledge grown too bright  
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.  
Straightway a forgetting wind  
Stole over the celestial kind,  
And their lips the secret kept,  
If in ashes the fibre-seed slept.  
But now and then truth-speaking things  
Shamed the angels' veiling wings,  
And, shrilling from the solar course,  
Or from fruit of chemic force,  
Procession of a soul in matter,  
Or the speeding change of water,  
Or out of the good of evil born,  
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn;  
And a blush tinged the upper sky,  
And the gods shook, they knew not why.



# The Greek Heroes

## Prometheus



HIS is a story of the beginning : of the creation of man and of the coming of woman into the world. The gods had entrusted to the Titans Prometheus and Epimetheus the office of endowing the animals with faculties necessary to their preservation ; and of creating a new race, that of mankind, which should be superior to the brutes. After Epimetheus had given to the animals strength, swiftness, keenness of sight and hearing, and other attributes, Prometheus gave fire to man as the agency with which he should establish his supremacy over all created things.

It happened, after this, that the gods disputed as to how they should divide among themselves the sacrifices offered to them by man ; and the matter was referred to Prometheus. He, taking the sacrifice of an ox, divided it, putting all the flesh in one pile, and in another all the bones, which he covered over and concealed with white fat. Then he called upon Jupiter to take his choice. Jupiter was tricked into choosing the bones. In wrath at the deception, he took away fire from man ; but Prometheus ascended to heaven and stole it back again. Then Jupiter, planning evil for mankind, commanded Vulcan to mould from clay the image of a maiden, in the likeness of the goddesses, and to inspire her with life and give her man's strength ; and he bade the dwellers in Olympus contribute to her beauty and charm. Minerva girdled and attired her ; Persuasion and the Graces decked her limbs with jewels ; the Hours twined a garland in her hair ; Aphrodite gave her grace and witchery of mien ; and Mercury endowed her with a deceitful mind, tricky

manners, and honeyed speech. She was named Pandora, which means all-gifted, because they had bestowed on her these gifts, that she might work mischief to the human race. After the assembled gods had admired their finished work, Mercury conducted the maiden to earth and offered her to Prometheus as a gift from Jove. But he, suspecting the treacherous design of the deity, refused to receive her, and cautioned Epimetheus to send her back. But Epimetheus accepted the woman, and with her evil for the race. For Jupiter had entrusted to Pandora a casket, in which he had shut up discord and pain and diseases and all human ills. When out of curiosity Pandora lifted the casket's lid, all these flew forth and were dispersed over the earth to afflict humanity ; only Hope remained to bless mankind.

## Perseus

WHEN King Polydectes treacherously planned a forced marriage with Danaë, he desired to put her son Perseus out of the way, and so sent him to attempt the conquest of the Gorgon Medusa, a terrible creature whom none had ever withstood. Medusa was once a beautiful maiden whose hair was her chief glory, but as she dared to vie in beauty with Minerva, the goddess deprived her of her charms and changed her ringlets into hissing serpents. She became a hideous monster of so frightful an aspect that no living thing could behold her without being turned into stone. Perseus, favored by Minerva and Mercury, the former of whom lent him her shield and the latter his winged shoes, approached Medusa while she slept, and



## The Greek Heroes

taking care not to look directly at her, but guided by her image reflected in the bright shield which he bore, cut off her head. Bearing the Gorgon's head he flew over land and sea, and came to the country of which Cepheus was king. Cassiopeia, his queen, proud of her beauty, had dared to compare herself to the Sea-Nymphs, which roused their indignation to such a degree that they sent a prodigious sea-monster to ravage the coast. To appease the deities, Cepheus was directed by the oracle to expose his daughter Andromeda to be devoured by the monster. As Perseus looked down from his aerial height he beheld the virgin chained to a rock, waiting the approach of the serpent; and with all speed he hastened to her rescue, and with the help of the Medusa head slew the monster. Then he won the love of the maiden he had rescued, and married her.

The wedding feast was interrupted by Phineus, the discarded suitor of Andromeda, who came with his followers to demand her, and a conflict ensued. Perseus and his friends maintained for some time the unequal contest; but the numbers of the assailants were too great for them, and destruction seemed inevitable, when Perseus, with a loud voice, exclaimed, "If I have any friend here let him turn away his eyes!" and held aloft the Gorgon's head. The effect was instantaneous. One of his assailants who had raised his javelin in act to throw, became stone in the very attitude. Another was about to plunge his sword into the body of a prostrate foe, but his arm stiffened and he could neither thrust forward nor withdraw it. Another, in the midst of a vociferous challenge, stopped, his mouth open, but no sound issuing. One of Perseus's friends caught sight of the Gorgon and stiffened like the rest; and when an enemy struck him with his sword, the weapon, instead of wounding, recoiled with a ringing noise. So one after another all became stone.

Returning to Seriphus, Perseus arrived just in time to avert the marriage of his mother to Polydectes, by confronting the monarch with the Medusa head, which froze him into stone. In gratitude for her help Perseus dedicated the head to Minerva, who henceforth bore it on her ægis.

### Theseus

NOW THE people of Athens were in deep affliction, on account of the tribute which they were forced to pay to Minos, king of Crete. This tribute consisted of seven youths and seven maidens, who were sent every year to be devoured by the Minotaur, a monster with a bull's body and a human head. It was exceedingly strong and fierce, and was kept in a labyrinth constructed by Dædalus, so artfully contrived that whoever was enclosed in it could by no means find his way out unassisted. Here the Minotaur roamed, and was fed with human victims.

Theseus resolved to deliver his countrymen from this calamity, or to die in the attempt. When the time of sending off the tribute came, and the youths and maidens were, according to custom, drawn by lot to be sent, he offered himself as one of the victims, in spite of the entreaties of his father. When they arrived in Crete, the youths and maidens were exhibited before Minos; and Ariadne, the daughter of the king, being present, became deeply enamored of Theseus, by whom her love was returned. She furnished him with a sword, with which to encounter the Minotaur, and with a clew of thread by which he might find his way out of the labyrinth. He was successful, slew the Minotaur, escaped from the labyrinth, and, taking Ariadne, with his rescued companions sailed for Athens, where he promised he would make

## The Greek Heroes

Ariadne his wife. On their way they stopped at the island of Naxos, where in the night Minerva appeared in a dream to Theseus and commanded him to forsake Ariadne. In obedience to the command he sailed away and left her sleeping. In the morning she was awakened by Bacchus and his Bacchanal train.

The miserable Fair

Awoke at last, sprang upward from the sands,  
And gazing wild on that wild throng that stands  
Around, around her, and no Theseus there!—  
Her voice went moaning over shore and sea,  
Beside the halcyon's cry; she called her love;  
She named her hero, and ragèd maddeningly  
Against the brine of waters; and above,  
Sought the ship's track, and cursed the hours she slept.

Her grief did make her glorious; her despair  
Adorned her with its weight. Poor wailing child!  
She looked like Venus when the goddess smiled  
At liberty of godship, debonair:  
Poor Ariadne! and her eyelids fair  
Hid looks beneath them lent her by Persuasion  
And every Grace, with tears of Love's own passion.  
She wept long; then she spake: "Sweet sleep did come  
While sweetest Theseus went. Oh, glad and dumb,  
I wish he had left me still! for in my sleep  
I saw his Athens, and did gladly keep  
My new bride-state within my Theseus' hall;  
And heard the pomp of Hymen, and the call  
Of 'Ariadne, Ariadne,' sung  
In choral joy; and there with joy I hung  
Spring-blossoms round Love's altar! ay, and wore  
A wreath myself; and felt *him* evermore,  
Oh, evermore beside me, with his mighty,  
Grave head bowed down in prayer to Aphrodite!

Why, what a sweet, sweet dream! *He* went with it,  
And left me here unwedded where I sit!  
Persuasion help me! The dark night did make me  
A brideship the fair morning takes away;  
My love had left me when the Hour did wake me;  
And while I dreamed of marriage, as I say,  
And blest it well, my blessed Theseus left me;  
And thus the sleep I loved so has bereft me."

But her grief was not protracted nor inconsolable, for Bacchus comforted her with such sympathy and pressed his own suit so warmly that the maid was moved—

And, casting Theseus' memory down the brine,  
She straight received the troth of her divine,  
Fair Bacchus; Love stood by to close the rite.  
The marriage-chorus struck up clear and light,  
Flowers sprouted fast about the chamber green,  
And with spring-garlands on their heads, I ween,  
The Orchomenian dancers came along,  
And danced their rounds in Naxos to the song.

—NONNUS (*Mrs. Browning's translation*).

## Orpheus

ORPHEUS, son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope, received from his father the lyre, upon which he played with such entrancing sweetness that when he sang all things were affected by the strains.

It happened, soon after the marriage of Orpheus and Eurydice, that as Eurydice was walking in the fields she was stung on the ankle by a serpent, and died. Inconsolable for her loss, Orpheus obtained from Jupiter permission to seek her in the Infernal Regions.

## The Greek Heroes

With the magic of his lyre he persuaded Charon to ferry him over Acheron, and with his music cajoled the three-headed dog Cerberus, guardian of the gate of Hell; and making his way through the shadowy abodes of the dead, came at last to where Pluto and Proserpine sat enthroned; and to them addressed his prayer:

"O, ye Deities of the world that lies beneath the earth, to which we all come at last, each that is born of mortality, I have not descended hither from curiosity to see dark Tartarus, nor to try my strength with the three-headed dog that guards the gate of Hell. I have come to seek my wife, Eurydice, whose years were by a serpent's poisonous fang brought to an untimely end. I strove to endure my loss. But Love has proved the stronger; that god is powerful in the regions above; whether he be so here I know not; but yet I imagine that even here he is, for if the story of the old days be true, it was Love that united you two together. By these places filled with terrors, by this vast Chaos, by the silence of these boundless realms, I entreat you, weave over again the quick spun thread of the life of Eurydice.

"To you we all belong, and having stayed but a little while above, sooner or later we come to your abode. Hither are we all hastening. This is our final home, and you possess the most lasting dominion over the human race. She, too, when in due season she shall have completed her allotted years, will be under your sway. Until then I ask of you the enjoyment of her life. But if the Fates deny me this, I have resolved that I will not return. Triumph in the death of us both."

As he spoke and touched his lyre, even the bloodless shades heard him and wept, and the tortured ghosts paused in their tasks. Tantalus did not clutch at the retreating water; the wheel of Ixion stood still; the vultures ceased tearing at the liver of Tityus; the daughters of Danaus paused in their task of filling the bottomless urns with water; and Sisyphus seated himself on his stone. The

story is, that now for the first time the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears. Nor could Pluto and Proserpine, stern rulers of the Infernal Regions, deny him his request. They called for Eurydice, and she came, advancing slowly because of her wound.

Orpheus receives her, but this is the hard condition—that he shall not look back at her until they shall have reached the outer world, or if he does, she shall again be taken from him. He leading, she following, they ascend in deep silence the path, steep, dark, and enveloped in deepening gloom. They have crossed the Acheron, and now they have come almost to the verge of the upper world. He, infatuated, hearing her call his name and overmastered by his eager longing to look upon her face, turns his eyes, only to see her sink back and recede from him. She, hapless one, stretching out her arms, struggling to be grasped and to grasp him, catches nothing but the fleeting air; and now she pronounces the last farewell, which he can scarcely hear; and again is she hurried to the place whence she came.

Dazed by this two-fold death of his wife, Orpheus haunted the bank of the Acheron for seven days, vainly entreating Charon to be put across; and then he betook himself to Mount Rhodope. Here, grieving always for Eurydice, he held aloof from womankind, and by his indifference incurred the enmity of the Thracian women. These, as they were celebrating the Bacchanalian orgies, came upon the poet, and exclaiming, "See, here is our contemner!" rushed upon him, hurling spears and stones. Overcome by the harmony of his voice and lyre, the missiles fell harmlessly to earth; until at length, what with the vast clamor of blown horns and tamborines, the clapping of hands, and the Bacchanalian yells, the harmonious sounds were drowned, and the stones became reddened with the blood of their victim. Some threw clods, some branches torn from



## The Greek Heroes

trees, others flint-stones, until through the lips which had been listened to by rocks and understood by brute beasts, the life of Orpheus breathed forth and departed into the breeze.

His shade descends under the earth, and he recognizes all the places he has formerly seen. Seeking Eurydice through the fields of the blessed, he finds her and enfolds her in his eager arms. Here, one while, they walk together side by side, and at another time he follows her as she goes before, and again, walking in front, he precedes her, and now in safety Orpheus looks back upon his own Eurydice.

### Jason

WHEN Jason was grown up and came to demand the crown from his uncle, Pelias suggested to the young man the glorious adventure of going in quest of the Golden Fleece, which was as Pelias pretended the rightful property of their family. Jason forthwith made preparations for the expedition. He gathered a band of bold young men, many of whom afterwards were renowned among the heroes and demigods of Greece—Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus and Nestor. They were called Argonauts, from the name of their vessel Argo.

Arrived at Colchis, Jason made known his mission to King Æetes, who consented to give up the Golden Fleece if Jason would yoke to the plow two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and sow the teeth of the dragon, which Cadmus had slain, and from which armed men would spring up. Jason accepted the conditions, and found means to plead his cause to Medea, daughter of the king, to whom he promised marriage. Medea was a potent sorceress, and

by her he was furnished with a charm, by which he could encounter safely the breath of the fire-breathing bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

At the time appointed the people assembled at the grove of Mars. The brazen-footed bulls rushed in, breathing fire from their nostrils, that burned up the herbage as they passed. The sound was like the roar of a furnace, and the smoke like that of water upon quicklime. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. Regardless of the burning breath, he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with fearless hand and adroitly slipped over them the yoke, and compelled them to drag the plow. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy. Jason next proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth and plow them in. The crop of armed men sprang up, and no sooner had they reached the surface than they began to brandish their weapons and rush upon Jason, who for a time kept his assailants at bay with his sword and shield, till finding their numbers overwhelming, he resorted to the charm which Medea had taught him, seized a stone and threw it into the midst of his foes. They immediately turned their arms against one another, and soon there was not one of the dragon's brood left alive.

It remained to lull to sleep the dragon that guarded the Fleece, and this was done by scattering over him a few drops of a preparation which Medea had supplied. At the scent he relaxed his rage, stood for a moment motionless, then turned over on his side, fast asleep. Jason seized the Fleece, and with his friends and Medea accompanying, hastened to their vessel, before Æetes, the king, could arrest their departure; and made the best of their way back to Thessaly, where Jason delivered the Fleece to Pelias, and dedicated the Argo to Neptune.



## The Greek Heroes

### Bellerophon

BELLEROPHON came to the court of King Iobates, bringing letters from Proetus, the son-in-law of Iobates, recommending him in the warmest terms as an unconquerable hero, but adding at the close a request to his father-in-law to put him to death. The reason was that Proetus was jealous of him. Iobates, on perusing the letters, was puzzled what to do, not willing to violate the claims of hospitality, yet wishing to oblige his son-in-law. The thought occurred to him, to send Bellerophon to combat with the Chimæra.

Dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoined ;  
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ;  
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;  
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;  
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;  
Her gasping throat emits infernal fire.

Of all who had gone forth to slay the Chimæra, none had ever returned alive. Bellerophon accepted the commission, and before proceeding to the combat consulted a soothsayer, who advised him to procure, if possible, the horse Pegasus for the conflict. Pegasus was the winged horse which had sprung from the blood of Medusa when Perseus beheaded her. Minerva had caught and tamed him and given him to the Muses. Bellerophon was directed by the soothsayer to pass the night in the temple of Minerva ; and as he slept the goddess came to him and gave him a golden bridle. When he awoke the bridle remained in his hand. Minerva also showed him Pegasus drinking at the well of Pirene ; and at sight of the bridle, the winged steed came willingly and suffered himself to be taken. Bellerophon mounted him, rose with him into the air, and soon found the Chimæra, and gained an easy victory.

After the conquest of the Chimæra, Bellerophon was exposed to further trials and labors by his unfriendly host, but by the aid of Pegasus he triumphed in them all. At last, by his pride and presumption, he drew upon himself the anger of the gods ; it is said he even attempted to fly up into heaven on his winged steed ; but Jupiter sent a gadfly which stung Pegasus and made him throw his rider, who became lame and blind in consequence. After this Bellerophon wandered lonely, avoiding the paths of men, and died miserably.

### Hercules

HERCULES was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. He was by the arts of Juno rendered subject to Eurystheus and compelled to perform all his commands. Eurystheus enjoined upon him a succession of desperate adventures, which are called the twelve "Labors of Hercules." Among these was the fight with the Nemean lion. Eurystheus ordered Hercules to bring him the skin of this monster. After using in vain his club and arrows against the lion, Hercules strangled the animal with his hands. He afterwards wore the skin as a proof of the lion's size.

In a fit of madness, the hero killed his friend Iphitus, and condemned himself for this offense to become the slave of Queen Omphale for three years. While in this service his nature seemed changed. He lived effeminately, wearing at times the dress of a woman, and spinning wool with the hand-maidens of Omphale, while the queen wore his lion's skin.

His lion spoils the laughing Fair demands,  
And gives the distaff to his awkward hands.

## The Greek Heroes

### Paris

AT THE nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, all the gods were invited with the exception of Eris, or Discord. Enraged at her exclusion, the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, "For the fairest." Thereupon Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the apple. Jupiter, not willing to decide in so delicate a matter, sent the goddesses to Mount Ida, where the handsome shepherd Paris was tending his flocks, and to him was committed the decision. The goddesses accordingly appeared before him. Juno promised him power and riches, Minerva glory and renown in war, and Venus the fairest woman for his wife, each attempting to bias his decision in her own favor. Paris decided in favor of Venus and gave her the golden apple, thus making the two other goddesses his enemies. Under the protection of Venus, Paris sailed to Greece, and was hospitably received by Menelaus, king of Sparta. Now Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the woman Venus had destined for Paris—

The fairest woman that the poet's dream  
Or artist hand has fashioned.

She had been sought as a bride by numerous suitors, and before her decision was made known, they all took an oath that they would defend her from all injury and avenge her cause if necessary. She chose Menelaus, and was living with him happily when Paris

became their guest. Paris, aided by Venus, persuaded her to elope with him, and carried her to Troy, whence arose the famous Trojan War, the theme of the great poems of Homer and Virgil.

### Achilles

MENELAUS called upon his brother chieftains of Greece to fulfil their pledge, and join him in his efforts to recover his wife. They generally came forward, but Achilles did not join them, and the oracle foretold that without him the expedition would not succeed. This hero was the son of that Thetis at whose marriage the apple of Discord had been thrown among the goddesses. Thetis, knowing that her son was fated to perish before Troy if he went on the expedition, endeavored to prevent his going. She sent him away to the court of King Lycomedes, and induced him to conceal himself in the disguise of a maiden among the daughters of the king. Ulysses, hearing he was there, went disguised as a merchant to the palace and offered for sale female ornaments, among which he had placed some arms. While the king's daughters were engrossed with the other contents of the merchant's pack, Achilles handled the weapons and thereby betrayed himself to the keen eyes of Ulysses, who found no great difficulty in persuading him to disregard his mother's prudent counsels and join his countrymen in the war in which he was to become most illustrious of the Greeks.

¶ *The incidents in the lives of the Greek Heroes as here told are taken from Hesiod's THEOGONY, Ovid's METAMORPHOSES, and BULFINCH'S AGE OF FABLE.*





# \_\_\_\_\_  
RESEARCH DIVISION  
WESTERN COSTUME CO.  
Los Angeles, California



